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UNIVERSE.COM

**BOYS • GIRLS
MEN • WOMEN**

**Boy and Girl Scouts
Camp Fire Girls - News Boys!**

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE MONEY, TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page ... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, air-rifles, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, model airplanes, scout equipment, movie machines, record players, and many others ... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c... sell on sight. You can make big cash commissions or get many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Other prizes for selling 2 sets or more. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you Free.

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!



ELECTRIC TRAIN



PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH



ARCHERY SET

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



BABY HATER FISHING KIT

RED HYDER CARTRIDGE

ALL KINDS OF HOUSEWARES

POPUP TOASTER



BOYS' OR GIRLS' BICYCLE

SCOUTING EQUIPMENT



TYPEWRITER

BROWNIE MOVIE CAMERA PROJECTOR SCREEN



JET PLANE WITH GAS ENGINE



SEWING MACHINE



RADIO



WOODBURNING SET



CHEMISTRY SET



WALKING DOLL

ELECTRONIC TWO-WAY WALKIE-TALKIE



WRIST WATCH FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



TABLE TENNIS SET



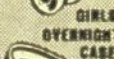
GAS MOTOR FOR YOUR BICYCLE



SPORTS EQUIPMENT



ROLLER SKATES



GIRLS' OVERNIGHT CASE



INDIAN MOCCASINS SET



FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship At Once Prepaid your first set of 24 Mottos on trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big Prize Catalog Free.

FREE MEMBERSHIP IN FUNMAN'S Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club... Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours — PLUS extra surprises!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. V-109
5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on 15-days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

Name

Street or RFD

Town

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

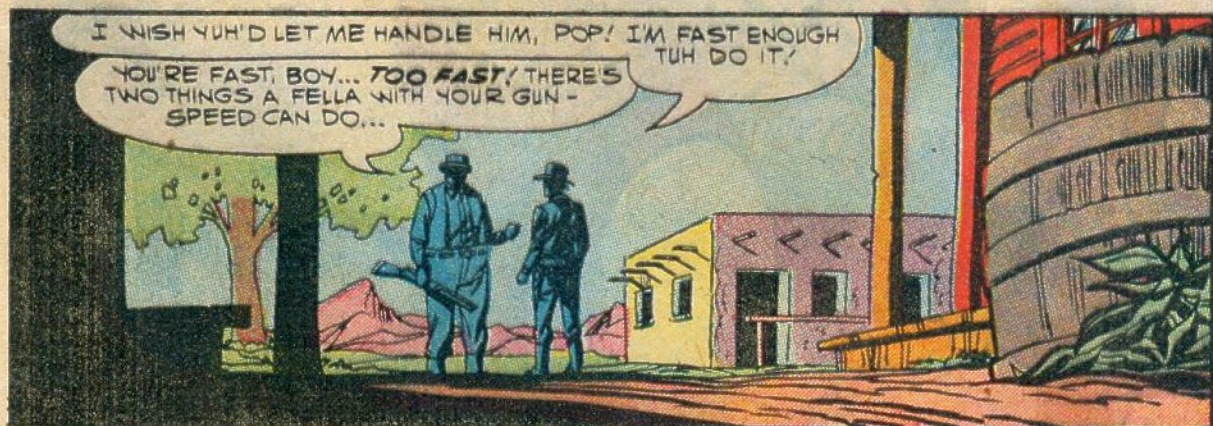
SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

introducing LUKE SPADE--PRIVATE CITIZEN

FAT JACK SPADE WORE THE BADGE FOR QUITE A WHILE IN TOMBSTONE -- HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH IN HIS BATTERED DERBY AND SHINY BLUE PANTS BUT THE BIG-BORED GREENER SHOT-GUN HE TOTED RATED A LOT OF RESPECT! ONLY ONE MAN IN TOMBSTONE DIDN'T REALLY APPRECIATE THE SHERIFF -- HIS GUN-QUICK, FREE-SWINGING SON, LUKE!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

LUKE WAS TWENTY-THREE... AND HE LOOKED YOUNGER! GUN-FIGHTERS WITH BIG REPUTATIONS NEVER DID TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY IN TIME TO AVOID TROUBLE...



ART MCPIKE WAS AS FAST AS BILLY THE KID, HICKOK, OR WYATT EARP! HE HAD A START AS HE WENT FOR HIS .38 SMITH AND WESSON! HE WAS SMOOTH, SNAKE-FAST...



**THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY
JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!**

MY GUARANTEE! Use my system for training and you will gain twice as much muscle and triple your power in less than Half The Time it would take if you followed any other method.



**"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of The Champions"**

**"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"**

CLANCY ROSS, world's best developed man, says: "You can be a mountain of mighty muscles — with power oozing out of every pore in your power-packed, jet-charged body! Do what I did — what thousands of other Herculean Weider-trained champions did — follow Weider as your leader — mail that coupon for your **FREE TRIAL COURSE TODAY!**"



CLANCY ROSS: Mass of power-laden muscles — mighty 20-inch arms, 50-inch chest, shoulders of iron a yard wide!

**ONLY 7 SHORT WEEKS TO
THAT DYNAMIC, RUGGED HE-MAN
BODY YOU ALWAYS WANTED**

**ADD 3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE
MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS...**

4 "POWER PACKED" INCHES OF MUSCLES TO YOUR CHEST!

Says JOE WEIDER, "The Muscle Builder" and "Trainer of the Champions":

IN half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my **TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add Jet-Charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're

short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Clancy Ross, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

A-C-T-I-O-N

IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH! MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER

JOE WEIDER Dept. B5309-A
114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Shoot the works. Joel Rush me my **FREE INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE**. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



**NOTHING TO BUY!
YES, THAT'S RIGHT!**

**Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity
LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY
OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING
I SAY CAN BE DONE!**

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my **GIANT 32 page course**, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.

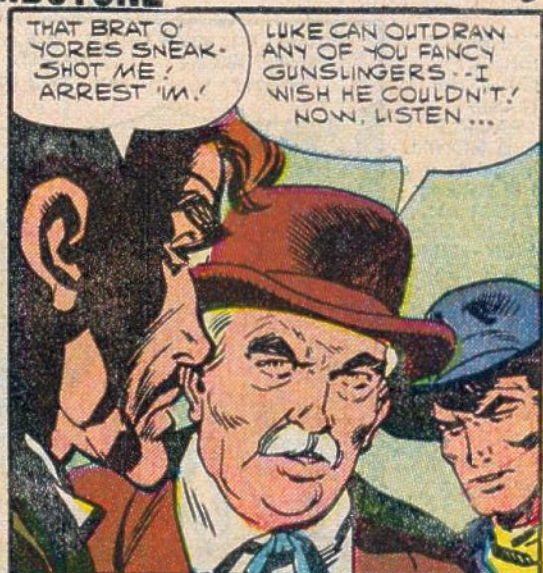
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



WHO IS HE, MONTE? SOME-
ONE I SHOULD'VE KNOWN?
ONE OF THE YOUNGER
BUNCH, MEBBE?

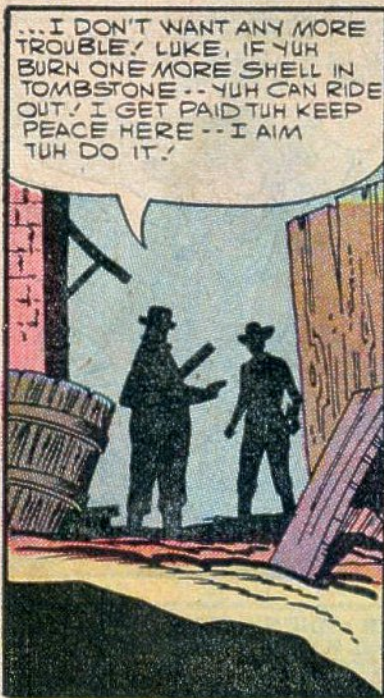
NOPE...
HE'S LUKE
SPADE--
THE
SHERIFF'S
KID!

SHERIFF
SPADE
ARRIVED
A
MINUTE
LATER--
HE UNDER-
STOOD
IT ALL
WHEN
HE SAW
LUKE
THERE
AND
MCPIKE
WOUND-
ED...



THAT BRAT O'
YORES SNEAK-
SHOT ME!
ARREST 'IM!

LUKE CAN OUTDRAW
ANY OF YOU FANCY
GUNSLINGERS--I
WISH HE COULDN'T!
NOW, LISTEN...



...I DON'T WANT ANY MORE
TROUBLE! LUKE, IF YUH
BURN ONE MORE SHELL IN
TOMBSTONE--YUH CAN RIDE
OUT! I GET PAID TUH KEEP
PEACE HERE--I AIM
TUH DO IT!



SOUNDS LIKE FAT JACK
MEANT IT, LUKE! SOME-
ONE'LL BE AFTER YUH NOW!
YUH BEAT MCPIKE...THEY'LL
BUILD A REP
IF THEY
DOWN YUH!

I LOSE
EITHER WAY,
HASH!



HASH'LL TALK
HIM INTUH
JOININ' OUR
BUNCH, BOSS!
I DON'T
GET IT!

HE'S IM-
PORTANT,
BAX! WE
NEED 'IM!



OKAY, HASH, I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH
YUH! I GUESS IT'S TIME I GOT OUT
FROM UNDER MY DAD'S SHADOW
ANYHOW! I'M READY WHEN YOU
ARE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE BURLY SHERIFF SAW THE GANG LEAVING THE ROYAL FLUSH... HE KNEW THEM ALL CARELESS, HIGH-LIVING, ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW. THE LAST MAN OUT WAS HIS SON, LUKE SPADE...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF of TOMBSTONE

'OWLHOOT RIDER'

TONIO HART HAD TWO REASONS FOR RAIDING THE CROSS L ROUND-UP CAMP-- HE HAD AN OLD SCORE TO SETTLE AND HE WANTED YOUNG LUKE SPADE UP FRONT THROWING LEAD WHEN THE RAID CAME OFF! HE HAD HIS REASONS...

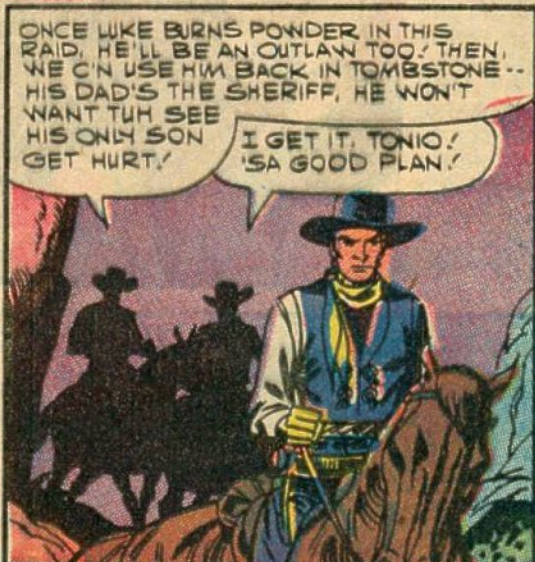
SEE THAT, BOSS? SPADE FLIPPED THAT GUN AN' BE- HEADED THAT SIDEWINDER SO FAST I STILL AIN'T SURE I SAW IT! HE'S DANGEROUS!

NO, HE'S NOT, HASH! HE'S A FOOL KID WE CAN USE TO MAKE MONEY!



ONCE LUKE BURNS POWDER IN THIS RAID, HE'LL BE AN OUTLAW TOO! THEN, WE C'N USE HIM BACK IN TOMBSTONE-- HIS DAD'S THE SHERIFF, HE WON'T WANT T'U SEE HIS ONLY SON GET HURT!

I GET IT, TONIO! 'SA GOOD PLAN!

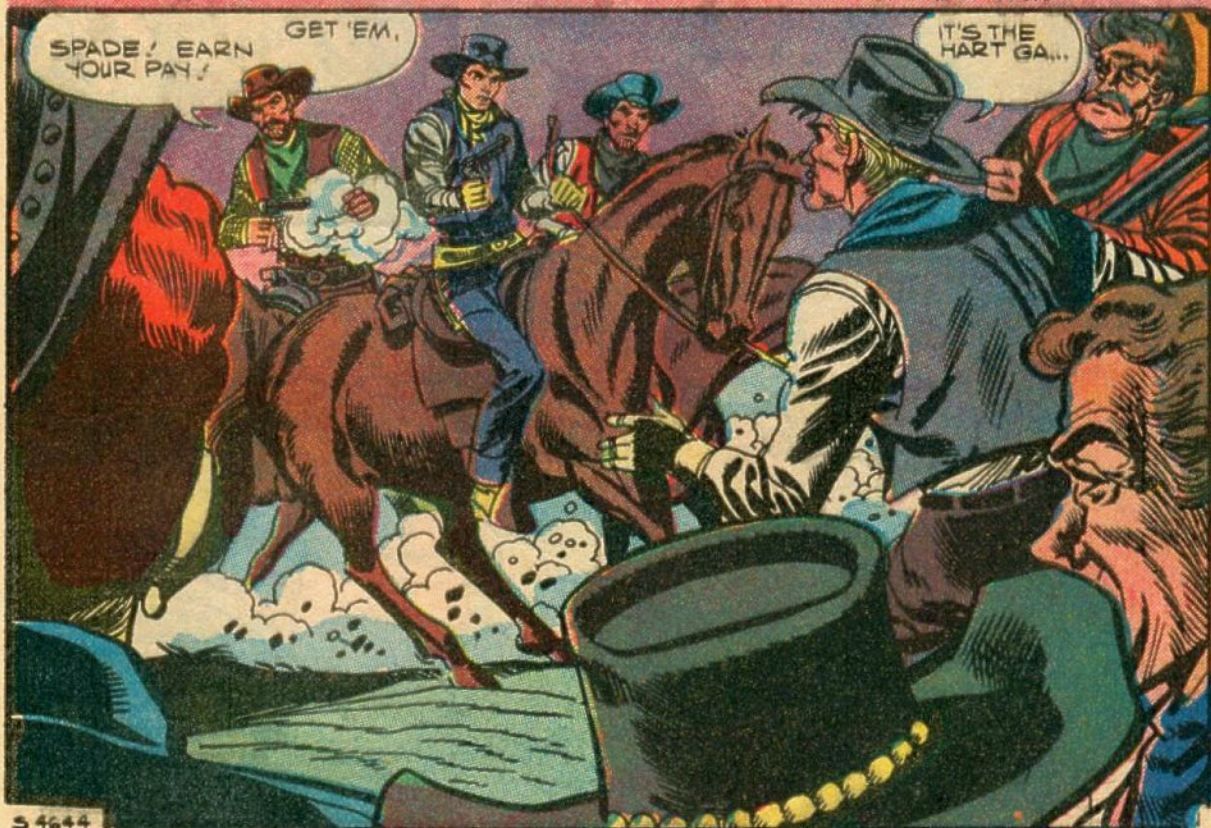


HART'S GANG MOVED IN ON THE CROSS L CAMP BEFORE DAWN! LUKE SPADE STILL THOUGHT IT WAS A RUSTLER GANG AND WHAT THEY WERE DOING WAS WITHIN THE LAW...

SPADE! EARN YOUR PAY!

GET 'EM,

IT'S THE HART GA...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

LUKE SPADE DIDN'T NOTICE ANYTHING WRONG UNTIL THE RAID WAS WELL UNDER WAY. THEN -- HE SAW HASH WILEY, HIS SMILING PAL, RIDE TOWARDS ONE OF THE WOUNDED MEN...

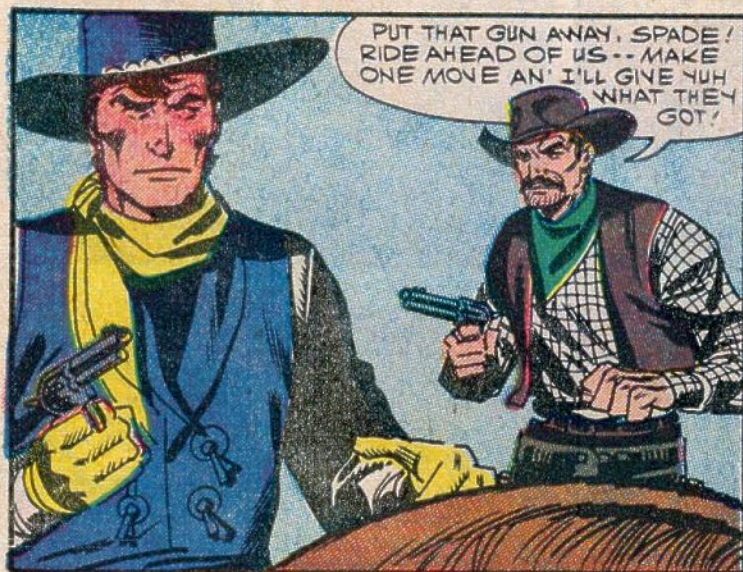


THE OWNER'S OVER HERE, TONIO. I'LL FIX 'IM.

NO, HASH! DON'T!



BLAM!



PUT THAT GUN AWAY, SPADE! RIDE AHEAD OF US -- MAKE ONE MOVE AN' I'LL GIVE YUH WHAT THEY GOT!



SPADE DID IT, DIDN'T HE, TONIO? GIMME A GUN -- I'LL GET EVEN.

NO, HASH, WE STILL NEED 'IM. KEEP RIDIN', SPADE, AN' DON'T TRY ANYTHIN'!



I SURE GOT MYSELF IN A MESS! THAT WASN'T A RUSTLER GANG -- THEY WERE CONHANDS ON A ROUND-UP. HART'S A CROOK, WHICH MEANS...



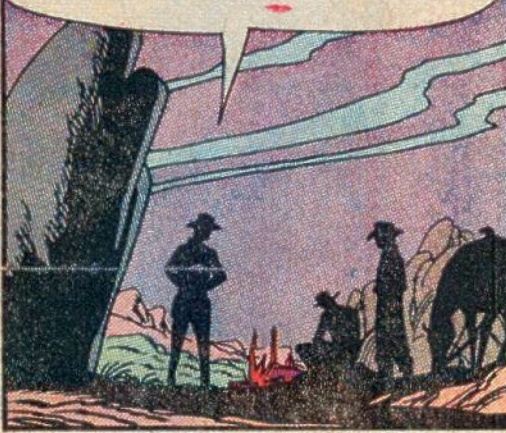
...I'M ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW ALREADY! I'LL FIX THAT FIRST CHANCE I GET!

WATCH THAT RUNT, BOYS! HE'S WISE BY NOW.

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THE SHERIFF'S SON LEARNED THE REST OF HART'S PLAN THAT NIGHT! IT STARTED WITH A RAID ON THE TOMBSTONE BANKS...

WHEN WE RIDE IN, YOUNG SPADE'LL HAVE HIS GUNS -- THEY WON'T BE LOADED! HE'LL APPEAR TUH BE WORKIN' AS A LOOK-OUT! F. JACK, THE SHERIFF, WON'T USE HIS SHOTGUN IF HIS KID IS LIKELY TUH GET HURT!



I'VE GOT TWENTY SHELLS IN MY SADDLE ROLL -- I HOPE I GET A CHANCE TUH LOAD THE GUNS IN TIME!

WE'RE GOIN' IN BEFORE NOON! BE READY, GENTS! THIS TIME, WE PAY OFF JACK SPADE FOR EVERYTHING!



I'M A REAL FLOP -- DAD WARNED ME BUT I WOULDN'T LISTEN!



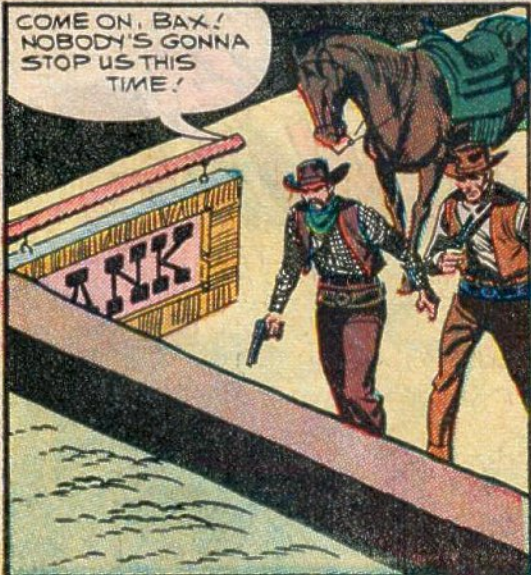
HART'S GANG RODE BACK INTO TOMBSTONE AT ELEVEN-THIRTY THAT MORNING! SHERIFF SPADE WAS IN HIS OFFICE, UNAWARE OF THEIR ARRIVAL...

YUH GOT A CHANCE OF UNIN' IF YUH DO AS YUH'RE TOLD, SPADE! HASH'LL BE WITH YUH -- HE'LL BE WATCHIN'!

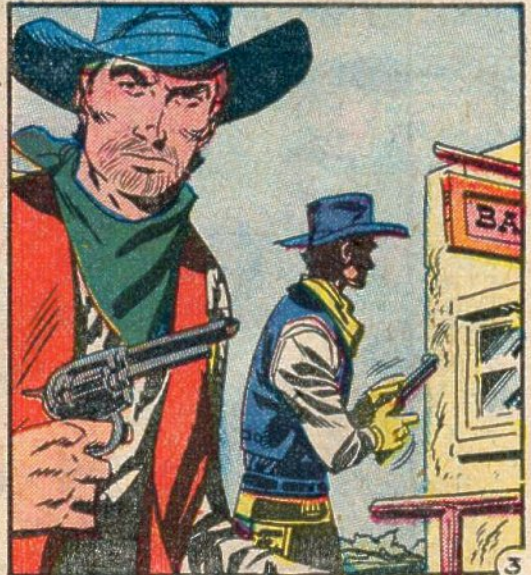
WHAT CAN I DO? MY COLTS ARE EMPTY, HART!



COME ON, BAX! NOBODY'S GONNA STOP US THIS TIME!



HASH WILEY WAS WATCHING THE STREET -- HE WAS THINKING ABOUT SHERIFF SPADE'S SHOTGUN! LUKE CALMY FISHED OUT A COLT AND BEGAN LOADING IT... HASH NEVER NOTICED...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

NO TROUBLE SO FAR, SONNY...
HEY! WHERE'D YOU
GET SHELLS?



THE
GRINNING
ONLHOOT
DIDN'T
HESITATE...
HE
THREW
A SLUG
THAT
JUST
MISSED
THE
SHERIFF'S
SON!
LUKE'S
SHOT
DIDN'T
MISS...

SOMEONE RUN FOR
SHERIFF SPADE!
THEY'RE HOLDIN'
UP THE BANK!



HEY, SHERIFF-- BANK
HOLD-UP!

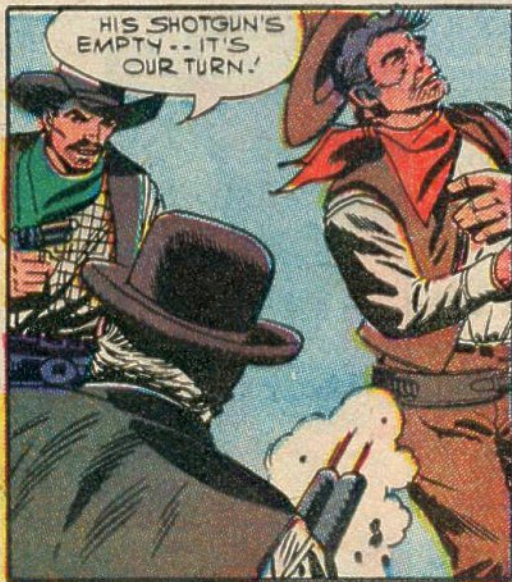


COME ON, BAX! YOUNG
SPADE DOWNED HASH!
I GOT 'IM!



FAT
JACK
SPADE
HAD
TWO
LOADS
IN
HIS
SHOT-
GUN!
HE
FIRED
AT THE
TWO
NEAR-
EST
MEM-
BERS
OF THE
HART
GANG...

HIS SHOTGUN'S
EMPTY-- IT'S
OUR TURN!



I GOT
'IM!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



LUKE SPADE WAS HURT... BUT HE STAGGERED UP, GUNS ROARING...



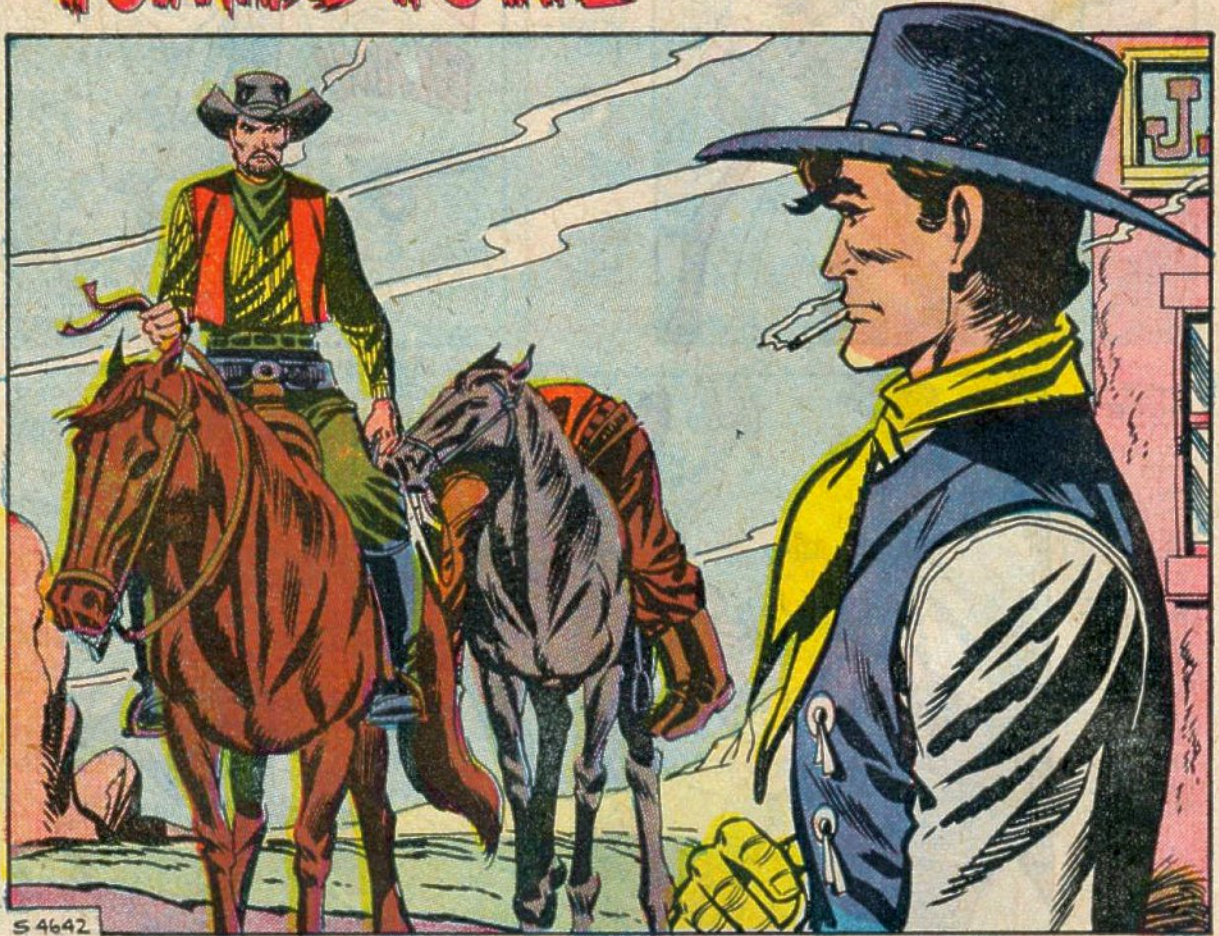
THEY WERE TOO STARTLED TO HELP, THE CITIZENS OF TOMBSTONE-- BUT NOT TOO BUSHY TO WATCH LUKE SPADE SINGLE-HANDEDLY ROUND UP THE HART GANG...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

HIS FATHER, WHEN HE WORE THE BADGE, HAD KEPT A REASONABLE STATE OF PEACE IN TOMBSTONE -- BUT LIKE, BEFORE FAT JACK SPADE HAD MADE HIS LAST ARREST, HAD ALWAYS RECKONED HIS DAD WAS TOO SOFT. HE HADN'T ASKED FOR THE SHERIFF'S BADGE -- NOW HE WORE IT, HE FIGURED ON KEEPING THE GUNHANKS PLUMB PEACEFUL -- IN JAIL ... OR BOOTHILL.



5 4642



WHO'S THE LATE DECEASED, MR. SHARPE? I C'N SEE HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON!

THE VICTIM'S MIKE SLOANE, HE TRIED T'U DOWN ME! GOT OFF THE FIRST SHOT.



HE'S YORE PROBLEM NOW, SHERIFF. I'M ... HUH?

I WANT YORE GUN, SHARPE! GIT DOWN-- WE GOT A NEW SYSTEM IN TOMBSTONE!

FREE! Treasure Chest OF PRIZED STAMPS

TO GET NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

FROM PIRATE STRONGHOLDS!



ALL DIFFERENT—colorful stamps from strange lands where pirates lived and looted—yours FREE!

IMAGINE receiving—FREE—a whole "treasure chest" of stamps from pirate strongholds around the globe!

Yes—absolutely FREE—stamps from Madagascar... Hong Kong... Barbados... the isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon... fabled pirate hideouts of centuries ago! Captain Kidd and Blackbeard hid their booty on these very

islands. Most of these stamps are uncancelled, making them all the more valuable!

You also get 50 "Mystery" stamps—FREE! ALL DIFFERENT! Unsorted. Who knows what treasures you'll find among them! Also Free: "How to Collect Stamps."

Mail Coupon NOW

Send coupon at once with 10¢ to cover mailing. Stamps and free copy of "How to Collect Stamps" will be sent to you immediately—IF YOU ACT AT ONCE! Other interesting offers included for your inspection. If coupon has already been clipped, send name and address with 10¢ to: LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. CCG-9, Littleton, N. H.

Also Free! 50 MYSTERY STAMPS!



Famous Discoverer Album yours at an amazingly low price

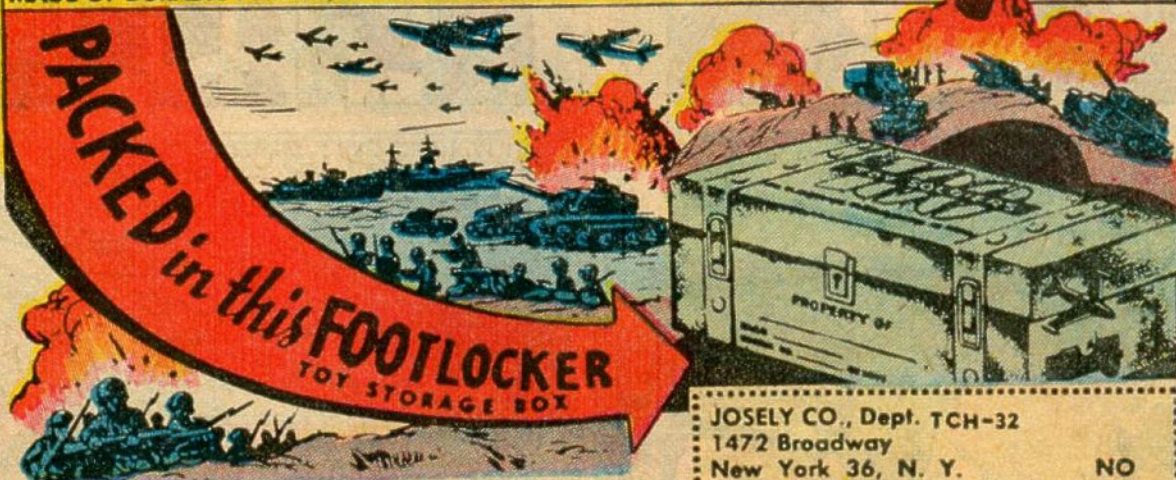
Spaces for 11,000 stamps. Packed with pictures, descriptions of countries. 176 pages. Yours for only \$1. FREE MAGNIFIER AND STAMPINGES if you act now.

LITTLETON STAMP CO.
Dept. CCG-9, Littleton, N. H.
Please send me FREE "Treasure Chest" of stamps plus 50 "Mystery" stamps and free copy of "How to Collect Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing. Also send other interesting stamp offers for my inspection. I understand that I am not obligated to buy any stamps from you—now or later.
☐ If under 12 yrs. old, check here for Booklet A

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WISH DISCOVERER ALBUM, and enclose only \$1 more. Stamp magnifier and hinges included at no extra charge. Money back if not delighted.

100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

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|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Machinegunners | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Battleships | 8 Infantrymen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 4 Cruisers | 8 Officers | 8 Cannon |
| 4 Sailors | 8 Waves | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Wacs | 4 Marksmen |

JOSELY CO., Dept. TCH-32

1472 Broadway

New York 36, N. Y.

HERE'S MY \$1.25!

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Canada and foreign orders add \$1.50 postal money order.

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

EVERY
HARDCASE
IN
TOMB-
STONE
HAD
WATCHED
ASA SHARPE
HEADING
FOR
SHERIFF
LUKE
SPADE'S
OFFICE.
THEY
WATCHED
THE
GUN-
HANK'S
HAND
TWITCH
OVER HIS
LOW-
SLUNG
COLT .45...

GO AHEAD, SHARPE--
TRY ME! ALL I WANT IS
FOR YOU TUH SIGN A
STATEMENT INSIDE--
DO THAT--OR *DRAW!*



LUKE SPADE WAS YOUNG--TOO
YOUNG TO HAVE A REPUTATION!
HIS SIZE WAS AGAINST HIM TOO!
THERE WAS NO NOISE IN TOMB-
STONE AS THE NOTORIOUS ASA
SHARPE HESITATED...

NOW, WE'LL SEE IF
LUKE IS BIG ENOUGH
TUH FILL HIS OLD
MAN'S BOOTS!

COME ON,
SHARPE--
MAKE UP
YORE
MIND!



YOU GOT THE BADGE,
SHERIFF! I DON'T
WANT TROUBLE WITH
THE LAW! WHERE
DO I SIGN THE
STATEMENT?

INSIDE,
SHARPE!
IT WON'T
TAKE LONG!



THERE YUH ARE,
SHERIFF!
NICE LOOKIN'
GUNS UP
THERE--
YOURS?

NOPE--THEY BELONG
TO THE BOYS INSIDE!
I'VE BEEN CLEANIN'
UP IN TOWN! C'MERE,
I'LL SHOW YOU!

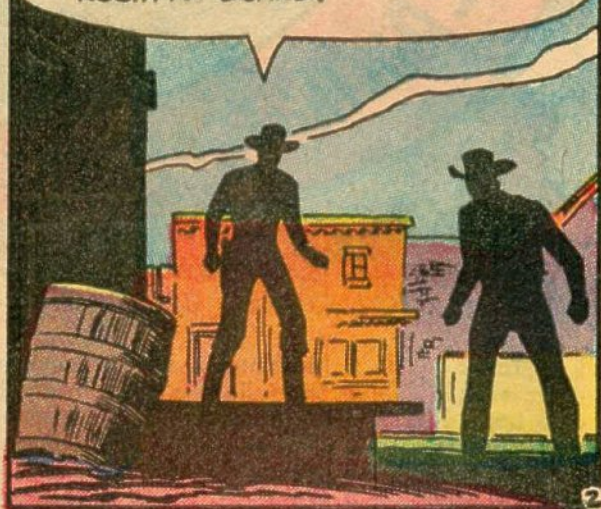
ASA
SHARPE
WAS
WARY--
HE
EXPECT-
ED A
SURPRISE!
AND,
WHEN HE
LOOKED,
HE
SAW
THE
FASTEST
GUNMEN
IN
TOMBSTONE
BEHIND
BARS...

YOU MUST BE CRAZY, SPADE! THEY'LL
WRECK TOMBSTONE WHEN THEY GET
OUT! THEY'RE MY *FRIENDS!*



YEAH, SHARPE, I KNOW! AN' YUH'LL BE IN
THERE WITH 'EM IF YUH START TROUBLE
BEFORE THE CIRCUIT JUDGE HITS TOWN
TUH HEAR THEIR CASES.

GET IT, HARD GUY? START TROUBLE, *ANY*
KIND O' TROUBLE, AN' YUH GIT FREE
ROOM AN' BOARD!

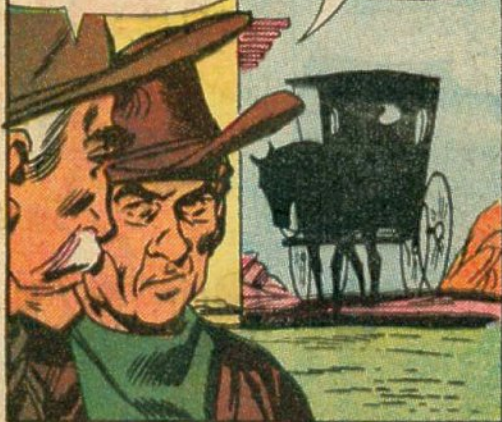


SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THEY STILL WEREN'T SURE ABOUT THE SHERIFF! HIS DAD'S OLD FRIENDS WERE AFRAID HE COULDN'T FILL HIS SHOES...

THERE'S JUDGE MEANY. YOUNG LUKE'S GONNA HAVE HIS HANDS FULL RIGHT SOON NOW.

YEAH -- THE JUDGE'LL RELEASE 'EM ALL WITH FINES.



PAY THEIR FINES -- GIT 'EM OUT QUICK! WE'LL FIX THIS TINHORN SHERIFF IN A HURRY.

JUDGE MEANY USUALLY CHARGES TWENTY-FIVE IRON MEN FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT. THAT'S ONE HUNDRED AN SEVENTY-FIVE -- I GOT IT RIGHT HERE.



IT WENT RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, JUST AS SPADE KNEW IT WOULD! THEY COLLECTED THEIR GUNS AFTER THEY WERE FREED...

I'LL GNE YOU GENTS SOME ADVICE ALONG WITH YOUR SIX-SHOOTERS!

I GOT SOME FOR YOU TOO, SHORTY!



TELL ASA SHARPE TUH CALL IT OFF OR I'LL SEND 'IM TUH YUMA FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.' NOW BEAT IT -- ALL OF YUH.



THAT WAS A BIG BRAG, RUNT. C'N YUH BACK IT UP?

DON'T CALL ME RUNT, JEB! I'M BETTIN' ALL MY CHIPS AGAINST ASA SHARPE -- I'LL CASH IN BEFORE I BACK DOWN.



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

IN THE ROYAL FLUSH, THE PLUSH-EST SUCKER TRAP IN TOWN, ASA SHARPE AND THE TOP HARDCASES HELD THEIR MEETING. THE VERDICT WAS UNANIMOUS...

I SAY WE PAY FIVE THOUSAND TO ONE OF US TO DO THE JOB. FOR THAT KIND O' MONEY, MY LITTLE HIDE-OUT GUN WOULD GO TO WORK.

NO, SKIP! I NEED YOU TO RUN THIS JOINT!



SPADE'S LIKE A BANTY ROOSTER--HE'S TOO PROUD TUH BACK DOWN. WE'LL FAKE SOME TROUBLE TUH GET HIM IN HERE, THEN I'LL FACE 'IM FOR A SHOWDOWN. TONTO AN' REDNECK'LL GIMME INSURANCE WHEN IT STARTS.



WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED IN THE ROYAL FLUSH, THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE HAD A HUNCH IT WAS A TRAP...

BLAM! BAM!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

NO TROUBLE, JUNIOR--JUST KILLIN' SKEETERS, BUT DON'T RUN AWAY, SONNY--NOT UNLESS YOU'RE YELLA CLEAR THROUGH!



THAT'S TROUBLE TALK, SHARPE! C'N YUH BACK IT UP?

I'M SAYIN' YUH'RE SCARED TUH DRAW, RUNT! WHAT DO YOU SAY?



THE FIRST MOVE IS ALL YORES, SHARPE--'LESS YUH FIGGER TUH DO ALL YORE FIGHTIN' WITH YORE BIG MOUTH!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY

TRY A TRAP

One look at the rider on the brown stallion and you could at once tell his identity. His face alone was an extraordinary one. The blue eyes looked out with challenging force. In the fashion of the time he wore a walrus tusk mustache cut between a well formed nose and a mouth at once strong and suggestive of emotional control. His hair was blond. He was five feet ten inches tall, but his spare frame made him look taller. His hands could be very tender when they lifted a baby up from a crib. Or they could be so powerful that he could straighten out, by sheer force alone, a horseshoe.

The clothing he wore was of excellent taste and made especially for him. Twice a year, Ben Ruskin the tailor from St. Louis made the trip to measure the rider and make him six suits. The coat and trousers were jet black. His stetson was also of the same color and the brim was a bit narrow. His white shirt was pleated. On the right side of his saddle bag you could spot his name in golden letters: Dr. John W. Anderson.

Maybe he should have been riding a coal black stallion. His horse was light brown with a few flashes of white. High Power was about the fastest thing on hoof. Yet he held his horse down to a snail's pace apparently without any effort. The trail was narrow and dangerous. He had made other plans for that afternoon. Then Mike Venter had shown up at his office.

"Jim's kid is sick. Crying terrible. A big pain in her stomach. Jim wants you to come at once."

So he left Bolton City and rode the level land at a lope. Only now had he slowed down his horse. He rode that way for ten minutes and spotted the Jasper cabin. Soon he was outside and Jim greeted him.

"Mary is in terrible pain, Doc. Must be something terrible."

Jim and his wife Betty remained in the one large room, while Doctor Anderson examined and questioned little Mary carefully. Then he returned to the large room and sat down next to the table.

"I want to talk to you two," he told them. "Mary is o.k. now. She suffered from too much politeness."

There was a puzzled look on the faces of the parents. But they felt relieved that their offspring was in no danger.

"It is a good thing to raise a little girl to be polite and courteous. Yesterday, she visited the Blankens. They asked her to lunch. So she ate with them. Then she came back here and had

lunch with you. In the afternoon she went to the Marrow's to play with their little boy. They had a late lunch and invited her to eat with them. Being polite and courteous she did not refuse. She had three lunches! And then home for supper.

So you better tell her that a little girl can eat so much and no more. It isn't impolite to reply to an invitation to eat with words like these: Thank you, but I just ate. Or thank you, but my parents expect me to eat lunch with them. One other thing. She definitely has a weakness for blackberries — especially with cream."

They chatted for a few minutes and then Dr. Anderson's keen ears heard the whine of his horse.

"Riders coming this way," he told the Jaspers.

He went outside and soon two riders appeared. One was Brave One, an Apache, the other was Dottie Wilson. She dismounted and the Indian held the reins of her horse.

"Good thing you told Brave One where you were," she greeted the famous man of the West. "There's trouble ahead for that old miner, Pop Kiney. Two strangers came into the Long Acre. They sat at a table in the rear and talked in a low voice, but I managed to pick up a few phrases of what they said.

Apparently they too have heard the rumor of the gold that Pop Kiney is supposed to have secreted somewhere in his cabin. You know there have been all kinds of stories told about that old man since he came here two months ago. Then the two strangers left. Looks like trouble for the old man."

Dr. Anderson's face was motionless as he listened to the tale. He spoke slowly to Dottie.

"Did one of those men have a long scar on the right cheek? And was one of them a rather heavy man?"

"Well, how did you know?" asked Dottie with evident surprise in her voice.

"You ride back to town alone or Jim will go with you," he said. "Brave One is coming with me."

Dottie replied that she would ride back to Bolton City alone. But first she went inside to see little Mary. Dr. Anderson mounted his horse. He was soon on his way followed by his faithful Indian friend. Around his hip was a full cartridge belt. His revolver had a black ivory grip and was a .44 Colt which swung loosely from a scabbard on his right hip. Underneath his left armpit was a shoulder holster. In this he carried a cut down .44 Colt with a

two inch barrel. A cord around his neck was attached to a weapon designed by himself and which had been made for him by Louis Darley, the gunsmith.

It was a sawed off shotgun with a pistol grip. He carried a sheath knife with a blade that had a razor edge. Even the Indians had a special name for him: La-Srinah-Soo which roughly translated meant Walking Arsenal. In his capacity as Special United States Marshal he had to travel over dangerous territory and he was ready for action — at any time.

The two travelled for about an hour and a half until they saw a rough hewn log cabin. An old gray haired bearded man waved his hands and the two dismounted and walked the rest of the distance on foot.

"Them two rats came and I got them for you. They are the Perley Brothers — Slim and Pete. Down in the hole they are. But they got their guns with them. Been shooting up every now and then."

In front of the doorway to the cabin was a large hole. Doctor Anderson shouted to the two men trapped below.

"Throw your guns up and then we'll drop a rope and bring you two up to the surface."

The reply to that order was a fusillade of shots from their six guns. Then Slim Perley shouted from his trap.

"We done nothing! Just came to pay a social visit to the old man. He rigged this thing up. Right in front of his door. Down we go. Almost broke our legs."

"You two seem to forget you are wanted in Carson City for killing the stage driver after looting the stage. You are also wanted in Tombstone. Helped yourself to some property belonging to the bank," Doctor Anderson replied to them.

The two brothers talked things over. They realized they had to get out of that pit. So they threw up their six guns. Then Brave One let down the rope and soon the two prisoners were above ground.

"Got two pairs of those new handcuffs they

made in St. Louis," grinned Dr. Anderson. "You can have the honor of being the first prisoners to try them out. So hold out your hands."

That was the opportunity the two brothers had waited for. As their hands went into a forward position, a concealed knife held in the right arm of each came into action. But fast as they were, they were not quick enough. In a flash they were both on the ground and found themselves looking into the barrel of that well-known sawed off shotgun.

"We'll rope you two up completely and take you to Bolton City," said Doctor Anderson. "Try something again and I promise you will get free medical service."

Late that evening the two brothers were turned over to Sheriff Larson. They were put into separate cells and remained in town for a week. Then United States Marshal Frank Bailey and his two deputies came to town and took the prisoners away.

"That was a good job of getting them," complimented Frank to his lifetime friend. "Now they know that Justice gets you — sooner or later."

Dottie Wilson came over to the sheriff's office. Something was bothering her.

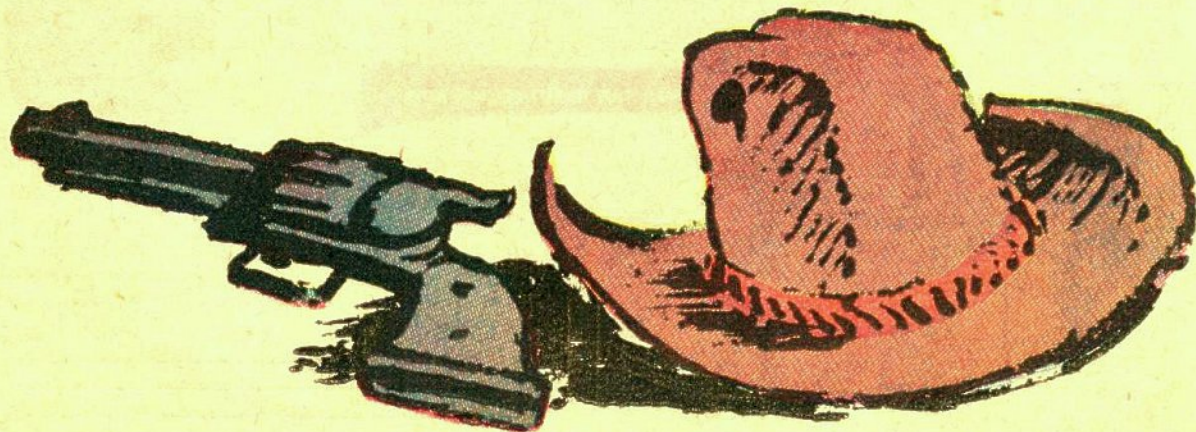
"Pop Kiney was smart. He built that old bear trap and got the two," she remarked to Doctor Anderson. "But others will be tempted to try to get his wealth — if he has any."

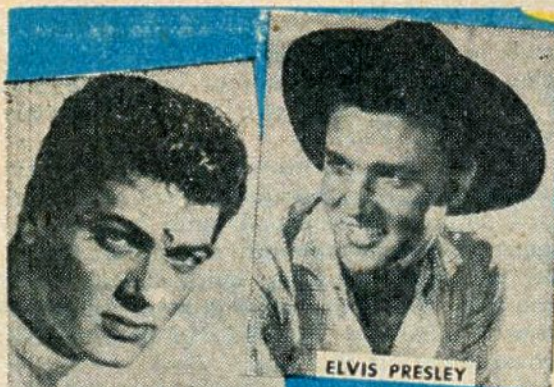
"He will soon be richer by about six thousand dollars in reward money," smiled the famous man of the West. "Pop Kiney is an old timer-law officer. He's been sheriff for a good many years. Retired. Now and then he helps out. He set that trap and baited it with the rumor some of my friends spread. Now he's heading for Nevada. Going to try the same stunt there with Sheriff McPherson."

The sheriff laughed. That was the first he knew about it.

"Try a Trap! And what do you get? A crooked sap! Two of 'em."

— THE END —





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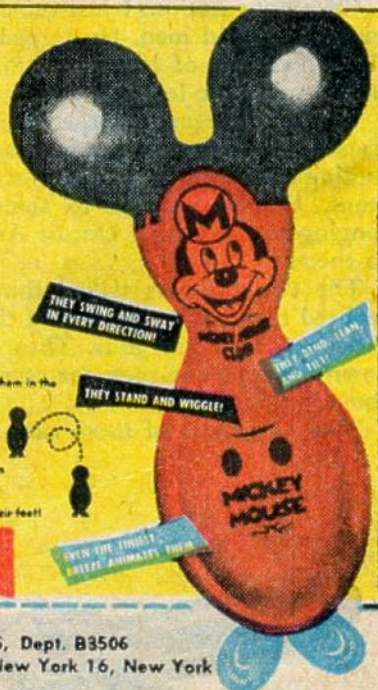
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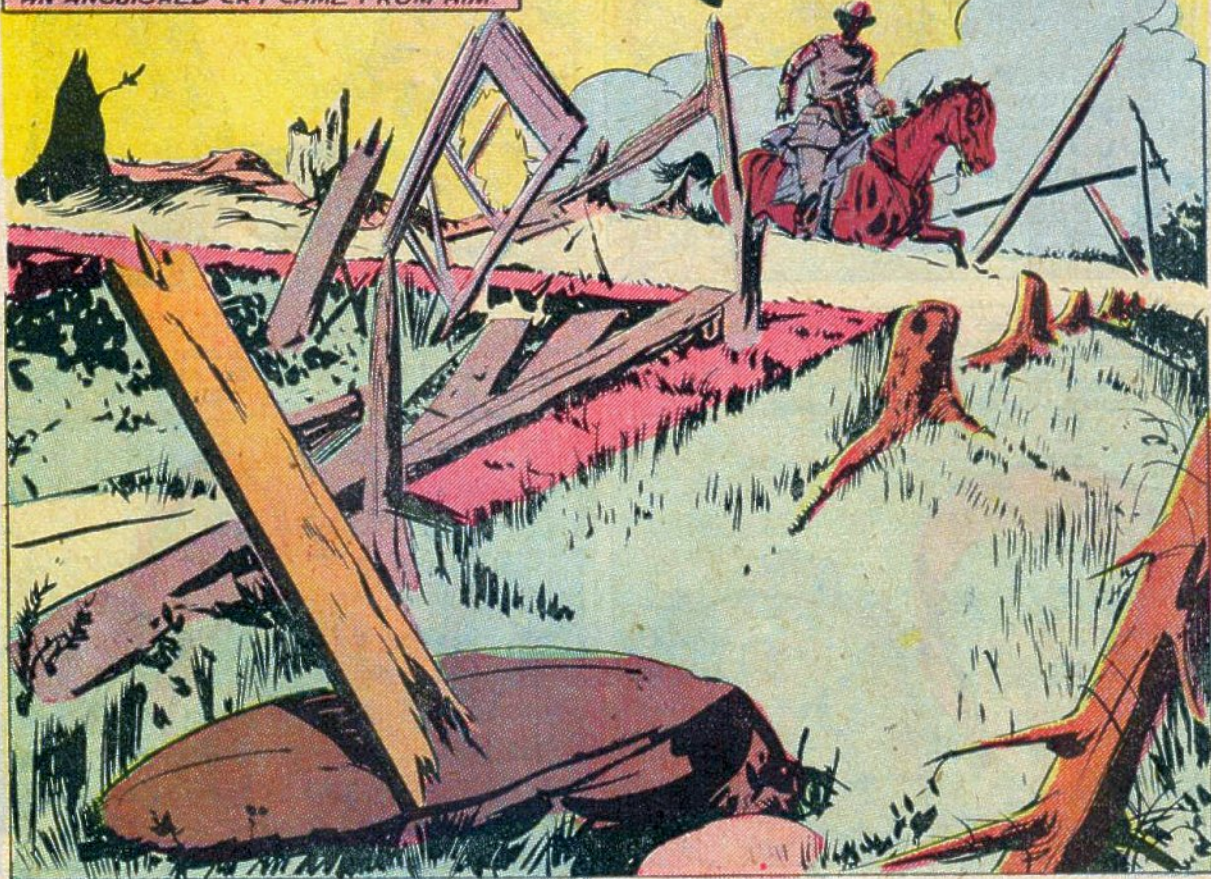
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Your MICKEY MOUSE CLUB inflatable characters are just what I want for my MOUSEKETEERS. Enclosed is \$_____ in check ☐, cash ☐, money order ☐ for _____ sets, each at \$1.00 plus 10¢ postage and handling. No COD's please.

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HE HAD ENDURED THE RAVAGES OF WAR, ESCAPED DEATH A DOZEN TIMES! NOW, SICK AT HEART OVER THE SOUTH'S DEFEAT, MILES COOPER HAD COME BACK TO BE COMFORTED BY HIS BEAUTIFUL ANCESTRAL HOME! WHEN HE TURNED INTO THE ONCE OAK-LINED DRIVE, AND VIEWED THE GUTTED RUINS OF HIS HERITAGE, AN ANGUISHED CRY CAME FROM HIM!

NO QUARTER



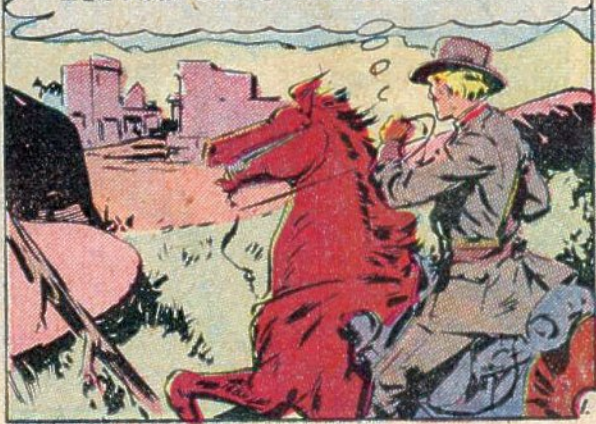
STUNNED BITTERNESS TURNED TO ANGRY OUTRAGE AS HE DISMOUNTED!

SOMEONE KILLED A DREAM I HAD! WHEN I FIND THAT SOMEBODY... I'LL... I'LL MAKE HIM PAY OVER AND OVER AGAIN!



HE TURNED FROM THE HORROR AND RODE INTO NEARBY BLACKSTONE, SEEKING AN ANSWER!

SOMEONE IN TOWN MUST KNOW WHO DID IT! THEY'RE ALL MY FRIENDS! I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH!



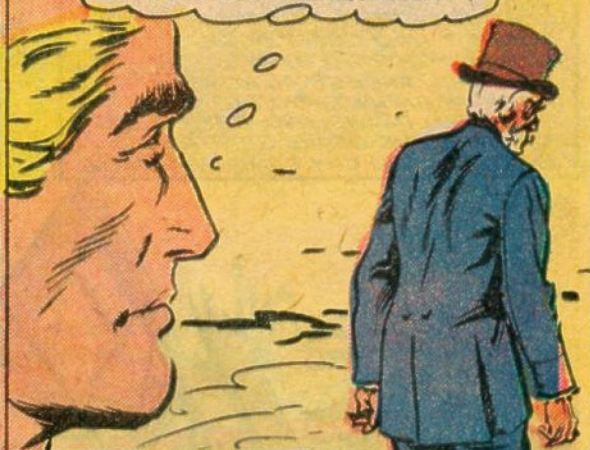
SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

AFTER DISMOUNTING, MOMENTS
LATER...

MR. CARRISTON, I'M BACK
TO STAY! WAIT... LISTEN
TO ME!



HE WAS FATHER'S BEST FRIEND...
JUST LIKE AN UNCLE TO BROTHER
NED AND ME! WE USED TO RIDE
ON HIS BACK AS CHILDREN...
WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?



PUZZLED, HE TURNED TOWARD A GIRL
HE HAD KNOWN ALL HIS LIFE!

MARY... MARY HAINES!
DONT YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
IT'S MILES COOPER!

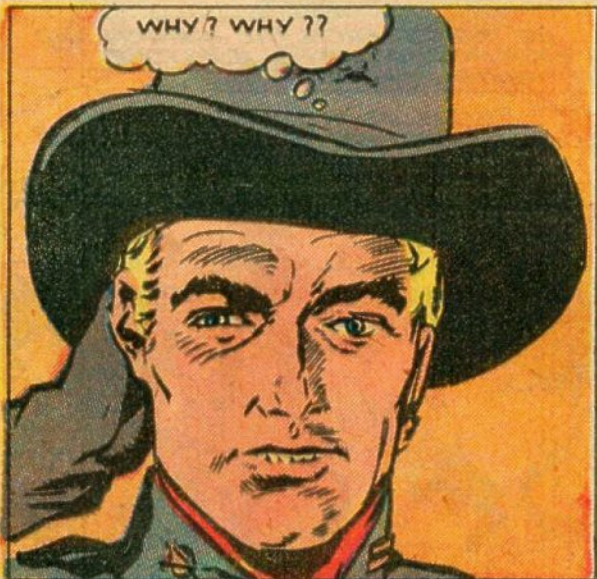


WHAT IS THIS... A
CONSPIRACY OF
SILENCE? WHAT
KIND OF HOME-
COMING IS THIS?

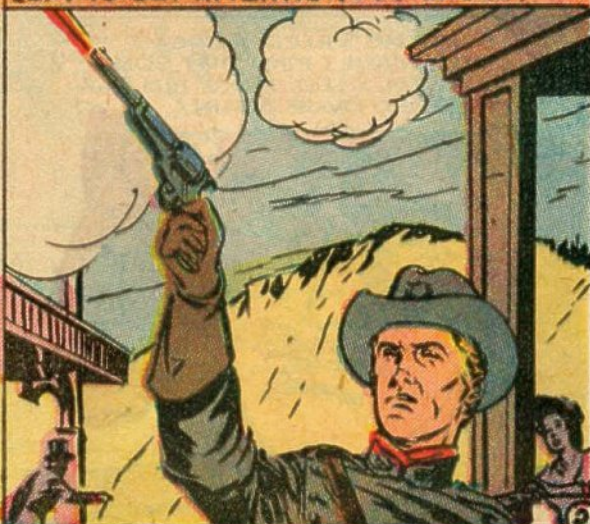
PLEASE...
I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE, MILES!
LEAVE ME ALONE!



WHY? WHY??

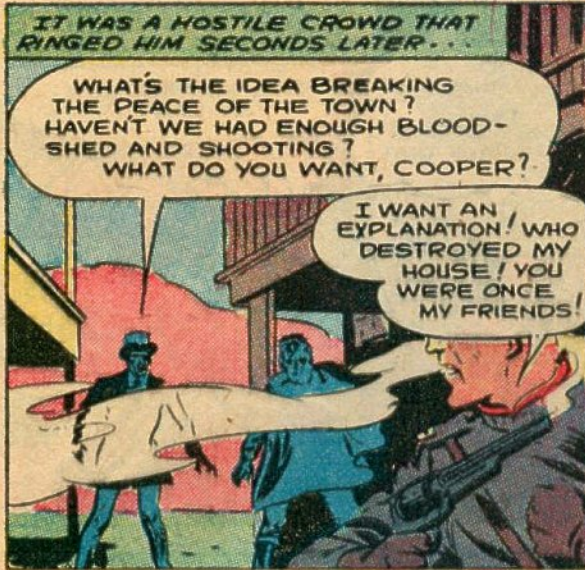


THIS WAS THE ONLY COURSE OF ACTION
LEFT TO GET ATTENTION... SHOCK!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

IT WAS A HOSTILE CROWD THAT RINGED HIM SECONDS LATER...



WHAT'S THE IDEA BREAKING THE PEACE OF THE TOWN? HAVEN'T WE HAD ENOUGH BLOOD-SHED AND SHOOTING? WHAT DO YOU WANT, COOPER?

I WANT AN EXPLANATION! WHO DESTROYED MY HOUSE! YOU WERE ONCE MY FRIENDS!

A FROZEN SILENCE DESCENDED UPON THE SQUARE...

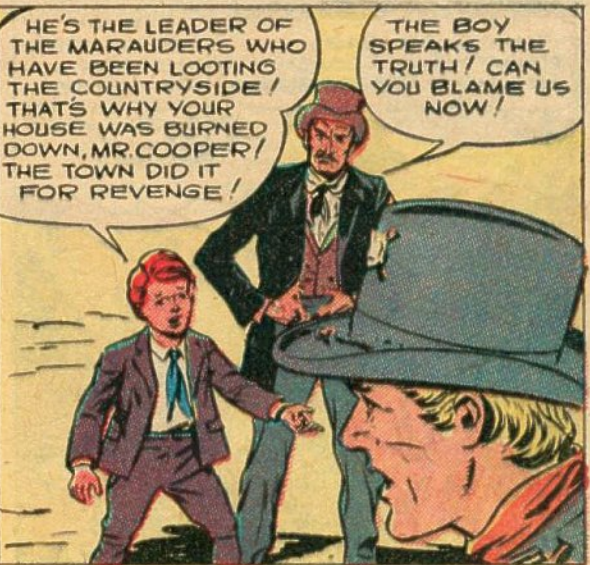


FINALLY, A SMALL VOICE BROKE THE DEADLOCK...



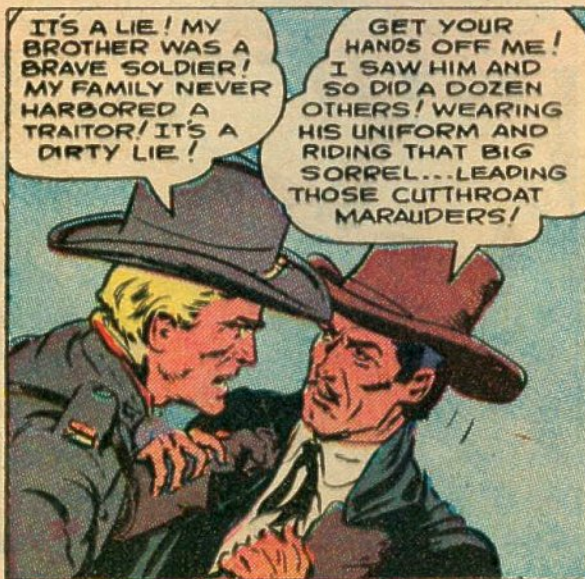
IT'S BECAUSE OF YOUR BROTHER! HE... HE'S A DEVIL AND WE ALL HATE HIM!

TELL ME MORE, JOHNNY! WHAT DID MY... BROTHER DO?



HE'S THE LEADER OF THE MARAUDERS WHO HAVE BEEN LOOTING THE COUNTRYSIDE! THAT'S WHY YOUR HOUSE WAS BURNED DOWN, MR. COOPER! THE TOWN DID IT FOR REVENGE!

THE BOY SPEAKS THE TRUTH! CAN YOU BLAME US NOW!



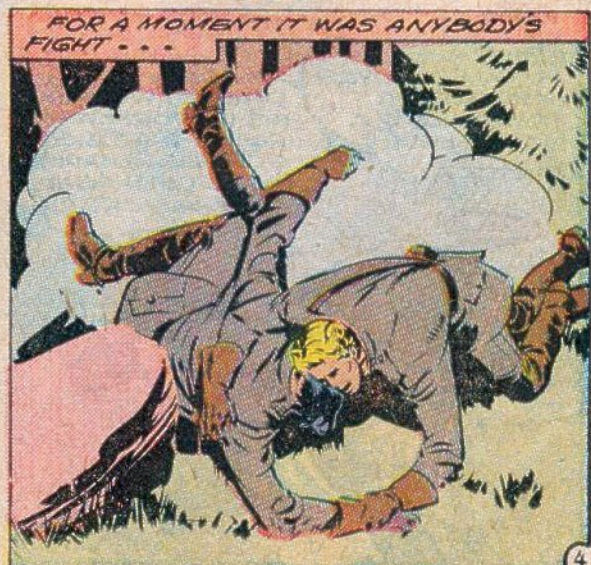
IT'S A LIE! MY BROTHER WAS A BRAVE SOLDIER! MY FAMILY NEVER HARBORED A TRAITOR! IT'S A DIRTY LIE!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I SAW HIM AND SO DID A DOZEN OTHERS! WEARING HIS UNIFORM AND RIDING THAT BIG SORREL... LEADING THOSE CUTTHROAT MARAUDERS!



I WON'T REST UNTIL I FIND THE MARAUDERS! I SWEAR TO YOU... NO MATTER WHO THE LEADER IS... YES, EVEN IF IT IS MY OWN BROTHER... HELL ANSWER FOR THESE CRIMES! THERE'LL BE NO QUARTER!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

SHERIFF OF

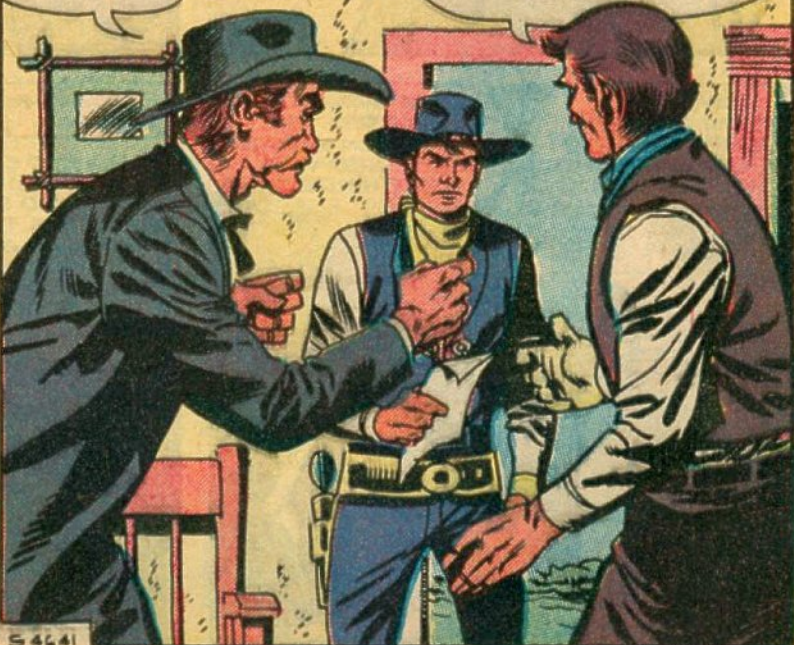
TOMBSTONE

EVICITION NOTICE

IT WAS A BAD YEAR IN TOMBSTONE -- RANCHERS COULDN'T MEET THEIR MORTGAGE PAYMENTS, BUSINESSMEN DEFAULTED ON THEIR LOANS -- AND E. J. FRISBIE EVICTED THEM AS SOON AS HE LEGALLY COULD. SHERIFF LUKE SPADE HATED DOING IT, BUT IT WAS PART OF HIS JOB.

I TOLD YOU I'D HAVE YOU PUT OFF THIS RANCH, CLANTON!

LUKE, I KNOW I GOTTA GIT -- BUT DO I *HAVE* TUH LET FRISBIE RIDE ME THISAWAY?



GABE, I SERVED THE PAPER, THAT'S ALL I KNOW. I'M GOIN' OUT NOW AN' CHECK MY SADDLE. I GOTTA HUNCH IT NEEDS ADJUSTIN' OR SOMETHIN'.



THOSE RANCHERS WOULD GET BACK ON THEIR FEET IF FRISBIE WOULD GIVE THEM TIME! HE'S RUININ' EVERYBODY!



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



FRISBIE WAS THE MOST HATED MAN IN ARIZONA IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED! THE SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE WAS BUSY KEEPING HIM ALIVE...



THE HOME-STEADER WAS ALMOST OUT OF HIS MIND WITH WORRY AND CONCERN FOR HIS FAMILY. HE TIGHTENED UP ON THE TRIGGER AND...



SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



IN HIS OFFICE, LUKE SPADE DID A LOT OF THINKING.

DAD WOULD KNOW HOW TUH HANDLE THIS! I'M GOOD ENOUGH IN A GUNFIGHT BUT LIKE DAD ALWAYS SAID, IT TAKES A LOT MORE THAN A FAST DRAW TUH MAKE A GOOD PEACE OFFICER!



WHAT WOULD DAD DO AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



FAT JACK WOULD'VE TRAPPED FRISBIE USIN' FRISBIE'S OWN METHOD! HE'S A BANKER, AIN'T HE? WHERE'D HE GET ALL THAT CASH TUH MAKE LOANS? WAS IT HIS OWN MONEY, OR DID HE MISUSE BANK FUNDS?

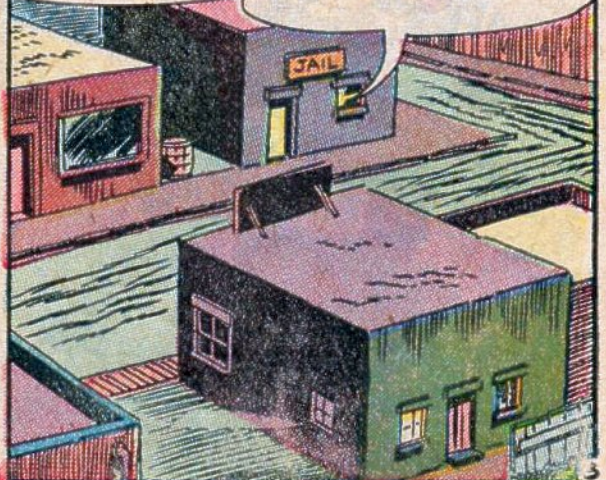


LEAPING FOR THE CELL DOOR, LUKE TRIED TO SEE THE MAN WHOSE VOICE HE HAD HEARD! THE THREE MEN INSIDE WERE ALL SNORING AWAY... OR PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP...

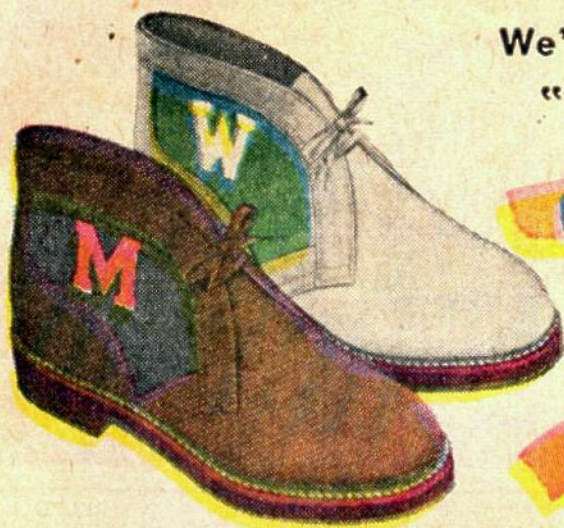
GABE CLANTON DIDN'T SAY IT-- AN' THE INJUN BUCK COULDN'T TALK THAT WAY! THAT LEAVES JEFF LINCOLN HERE!



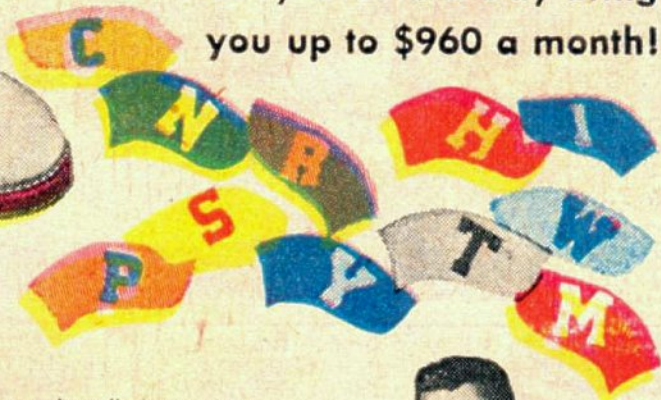
WHOEVER GAVE ME THE ADVICE KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT! I THINK I'LL DO SOME SNEAKIN' AROUND IN THE BANK-- RIGHT NOW!



Cash In Quick On New Shoe Craze!



We'll set you up in a Money-Making
"Shoe Store Business" FREE! Just
8 Easy Orders a Day bring
you up to \$960 a month!



Want Plenty of Money? Just show young men, college or high school students America's newest, hottest shoe craze... Mason Kampus King. They go wild over colorful school letter or personal initial right on each shoe. You take easy orders—collect cash deposits—get big Bonuses and Prizes every month you work spare time or full time.

121 Exciting COLOR COMBINATIONS

Your customers choose from 121 different combinations of colors and letters. Ideal for schools, colleges, fraternities, bands, etc.

Mason Men have made big money for half a century—but now a whole new market is open to them. This exciting new shoe style can be your private "gold mine." No wonder the Kampus King sells on sight to organizations, marching units, students, and "hep" individuals. No wonder your first sale will start such an "endless chain" of sales and profits, because this is the kind of NEW IDEA young folks go for BIG!

You Offer 210 Fast-Selling Shoes and Jackets—Something for EVERY Man and Woman

Yes, here's a wonderful business for you, if

you want to make really important money with a line you can sell to everybody—if you want steady cash profits every month. And you never invest one cent—we furnish everything FREE, so you can start raking in profits your very first hour! No rent to pay—no light bills, clerk hire or other overhead. You keep 100% of your profits!

Here's PROOF:

Ambitious man wanted in every town, to earn this kind of money! James Kelly took so many orders for these Nationally Advertised shoes he made \$93.55 in ONE EVENING! Fred Mapes makes \$5.00 to \$10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe Business. Charley Tuttle averages over \$80 extra weekly in part time. How much do YOU want to make? It's up to YOU!

Stores Can't Compete

People PREFER to buy from you as the local Mason Shoe Counselor. You offer at-home or at-work convenience no store can match. Your customers get the size they want, because you draw on stock of over 250,000 pairs of dress, work, sport shoes in sizes from 2½ to 15—widths from extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE. Famous Air-Cushion insole shoes give supreme comfort, so you get plenty of repeat orders and recommendations.

You make a LOT of money with amazing Ripple Sole shoes with revolutionary new kind of sole that has shock-reducing *gliding action*—forward thrust with every step.



EVERYTHING FURNISHED FREE!

We'll furnish your complete Starting Outfit FREE! Just rush coupon. It brings you—FREE and POSTPAID—everything you need to take profitable orders for Kampus King Shoes—sensational Ripple Sole Shoes—insulated Jackets & Boots—Syllies Shoes—work shoes—210 in all! You can start with Mason in Spare Time, switch over to full time when you like. Get your own and family's shoes wholesale! You can't go wrong—so send the coupon now!

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Warm, INSULATED jacket-and-boot-combinations make a tremendous hit with outdoor workers, sportsmen—make big chunks of extra cash for Mason salesmen. Women's jackets as well as men's now multiply your opportunities with this fine FREE line.

Every factory worker, postman, policeman, garage and service station man is your prospect with Mason's complete line of sturdy, long-wearing, super-comfort WORK SHOES, which can be worth as much as \$45 extra weekly, beside your regular profits from your men's and women's dress shoe business.

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Dept. F-100, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

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Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. F-100
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

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SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

THERE WAS TROUBLE IN TOMBSTONE... FRISBIE'S BRAND! AND, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, LUKE SPADE HAD TO STOP IT! HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME...

FRISBIE MANAGES THE BANK, THE MEN WHO BANKROLLED IT, CRANE AND NENHOUSE, WANTED TO HELP FOLKS AROUND HERE. THEY WOULDN'T APPROVE OF WHAT FRISBIE'S DOIN'...



...SO HE MUST BE ACTIN' ON HIS OWN! IF HE IS, HE'D HAVE TO USE HIS OWN MONEY OR BE GUILTY OF MISMANAGEMENT OF FUNDS! FUNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW I KNEW ALL THEM BIG WORDS!

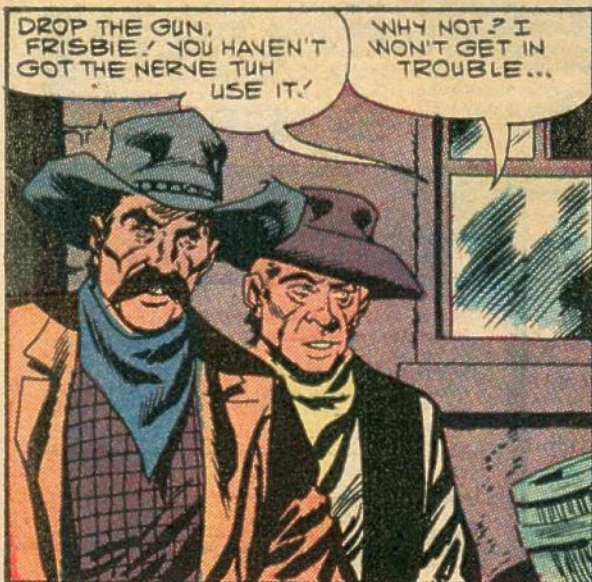


WHO'S THA... SPADE! HEH. HEH. YOU STARTLED ME! FIND ANY THIEVES ON THE PREMISES?



YEP! I THINK THE PROOF IS RIGHT THERE IN THEM LEDGERS, FRISBIE! I'M GONNA HAVE THE COURT APPOINT A BOOKKEEPER TUH CHECK NORE ACCOUNTS!

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, SPADE! GET OUT!



DROP THE GUN, FRISBIE! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE NERVE TUH USE IT!

WHY NOT? I WON'T GET IN TROUBLE...



...I'LL JUST SAY I SAW YOU IN HERE AT THE SAFE. I CAUGHT YUH REDHANDED AND FIRED WHEN YOU TRIED TUH DRAW!

LOOK, FRISBIE! GIMME A CHANCE!

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE



AT NOON THE NEXT DAY, SHERIFF LUKE SPADE FACED A CROWD-- NEARLY ALL OF THEM HE HAD EVICTED IN THE NAME OF E. J. FRISBIE...

BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LUKE SPADE, SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE! ASK YOUR STORE-OWNER TO BE SURE TO GET ISSUE NUMBER TWO OF

SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE

END

JET "ROCKET" SPACE SHIP! \$2.98

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- Altimeter
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Push my jet "Rocket" Space Ship on 10 Day Free Trial for only \$2.98. If I am not completely delighted I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$2.98 plus 63c postage and handling charge for my Space Ship. Same Money Back Guarantee.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you — in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings — fellows who were ashamed of their bodies — into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance... with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for you. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.



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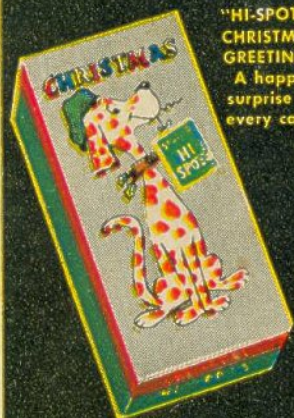
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